

Threnody

Ihsahn

He lies quiet now
In the nothing
And there is no epitaph
No stone

Yet - his legacy flows
Like a river

Walker of barren paths
Seer of night
Friend of shadows
A carrier of light

And his legacy flows
Like a river from ice
The hungry heart opens
And drinks from this fountain
So cold

There are no promises
In his solitary grave
There is no salvation
Only words

But what then are these precious streams
Of coldness from the heights?
They will never reach the fields below

What is this silent grave?
To those who never sought to find it?
What is greatness to the dead?

And his legacy flows
Like a river from ice
The hungry heart opens
And drinks from this fountain
So cold